

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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Entered According to Act of Congress in the Year 1890 by Street & Smith
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Instinctively she glanced down toward the shop. The doors were open, but no one was there. The hens pecking around the doors were the only visible signs of life to her anxious eyes. Unconsciously she began pulling the strawberries with mechanical but steady fingers.

"Times is dull 'nough," pears to me," the woman proceeded. "First kem there want o' rain with ther gyardin' a-dryin' up spite o' the care we giv et; then as though ther warn't 'nough, hyar kem ther acc'dnt. ter ther mare o' ther jedge's son, an' y' o' us l'pion is to be ketch'd o' 'twarn't that s'picion rests in one direction especial."

It was coming. Dolores waited with bated breath. A heavy sense of guilt fell upon her; she could not meet the gaze of the eyes bent upon her, and she went on hulling the berries—waiting in silence for what she knew must come.

"An' them as knows says thyar's a great feelin' ower in ther town yander 'bout ther mare," the woman's voice struck in on the girl's thoughts, "an' says et 'pears she were worth a deal o' money, an' now nobody'd gev a copper fer her, an' they's workin' stiddy to fin' out who done ther deed, an' gettin' every one theys ken ter prove thar s'picious c'rect o' a certain person."

Dolores was waiting. It was coming now, she felt certain. She crushed some of the berries in her hand in a sudden frenzy.

"Theys holdin' court 'most every day, an' workin' as though 'twere some great thing that a critter's gone lame. But theys won't do nothin' with ther s'picious feller tell thar's mo' ground, as theys calls et, though young Green do feel pretty sartin who is ther guilty one. But theys got consid'rab'le proof, an' there's ter be a great time ter-morrer, an' theys wants yer feyther ter go ter prov thar s'picious c'rect."

It was out at last. Dolores seemed turned to stone; she neither moved nor spoke; she dared not lift her eyes from the red berries with which her fingers were dyed. Her head was whirling; there was a din in her ears as though a legion of spirits repeated and shouted in wild horror:

"Theys wants yer feyther ter go ter prove—theys wants yer feyther ter go—theys wants yer feyther—yer feyther—"

Her eyes were like those of a hunted animal, half hidden beneath their long lashes; her mind was filled with a great longing to go—to get away from the tiny room out on the mountain under the quiet heavens where the winds were free from the watching eyes.

The woman at the other side of the table arose with an injured air. She had received scarcely a word of thanks for her berries, scarcely even a show of interest in her story.

"Thyars them as takes an int'rest in thyar feller critters, an' thyars them as don't," she said, tartly; "an' thyars them as has thyar s'picion o' things."

Dolores watched the woman's tall, gaunt figure go down the worn path, her purple print dress brushing the scant grass with an indignant sweep, the cape of her sunbonnet limp and flapping over her shoulders. When she disappeared from view behind the shrubbery of the road-side Dolores put away the dish of berries and put on her gray sunbonnet to go out.

It was early afternoon. The rocky road, like a yellow thread, wound in



Waiting in Silence.

and out among the scrubby bushes and tall pines that murmured in the breeze. To the ears of the girl they kept up their monotonous sobbing about her father as though they were living things.

She was listless no longer; she walked as one who had a purpose, as one who had far to go. Her eyes looked straight before her, her lips were set in a straight, stern line.

She met no one on her way; there was little travel on the mountain; the thriving town over on the other side had connection with the world in another direction.

In all the twenty years of her life Dolores had never been over the mountain; what lay beyond it she did not know except from the rumors that drifted into them from the men who had been there—men who had strayed

in hunting, going around to the opposite mountain and returning across the town.

Sometimes when the atmosphere was heavy and the wind in the right direction, the smoke from the tall factory chimneys drifted around to the settlement and tangled in the pines like gray specters waving their shadowy banners above the scattered houses down toward the valley. Many a time Dolores had watched these smoke wreaths, and her mind had gone to the place from whence they came, and she wove from them fantastic shadows born of dreams, and she clothed them in garments of the living, and they brought her many many fancies of the life pulsing just beyond the piny peaks.

Now her mind was filled with the one subject so much discussed; she turned it over and over, viewing it on all sides; now reasoning with herself as to this or that possibility, this or that decision, but eventually returning to the first conclusion which was to her so convincing that it sent her over the mountain to the town to discover if possible the truth, and at the court was the place to learn what she wished to know—if there were any place to learn it ere the whole world should know.

As she passed over the mountain and down on the other side the town lay out before her; a thriving town; smoke arose black from the towering chimneys, the whirl of machinery, the rattle of wagons and din on every-day life were borne up to her as sounds of a strange land. The knowledge began to grow in her mind that the life in the slow little settlement beyond the mountain was too narrow, too shut into itself, too lacking in energy and growth. But this was a new world to her and she shrank from it, not from any foolish feeling of inferiority; such a thought could hold no room in her mind, but as a wild animal instinctively shrinks back to its natural world. Then the feeling left her; the old thought drove every fear, every other feeling away; she had come for a purpose and as yet it was not accomplished.

She passed steadily down the road looking neither to right nor left. The court house was at the farther end of the town; she had heard them say so. A long, low, white building with wide steps and a bell in the tower.

At length she came to it; she knew she was right; a long, low, white building with wide steps and a bell in the tower. She walked up the steps and turned the handle of the door, but could not open it. This ending of her journey had not entered her head. For a moment she stood in doubt what to do. People passing on the street looked curiously at her. A boy who was sitting astride of the fence called to her that the door was locked; but if she wanted the lockup it was down around the corner.

She did not know he was laughing at her; she walked down the steps and spoke to him. She asked him where she could find the judge. She was looking at him with her straight, level glance, and he was disconcerted. The judge, he said, lived in the house on the hill; if she came down the main street she must have passed it.

Not a bit of her resolution was gone as she retraced her steps, but she walked swiftly, for it was growing late. She found it without trouble; she mounted the steps and knocked at the big door. She did not know she should ring the bell. No one came. She knocked again and louder, then again she waited. No one came. If the judge were gone where should she find him?

A step sounded on the gravel at the side of the house; she turned and faced the new-comer.

"Dolores!" exclaimed young Green, in astonishment.

A red flush crept in her face. "I want to see the judge," she said, gravely, and there was a wistfulness in the large, dark eyes raised to his for an instant that caused his heart to throb strangely while a flush also arose in his own face.

"My father? He is not at home. When the court adjourned at three he took the train to N—. If you wish to see him I am sorry. Will not I do instead? Come in, Miss Johnson; my mother would be pleased to meet you."

She was unused to being called "Miss Johnson," and scarcely heard the unfamiliar name.

He opened the door, waiting for her to pass in.

"I won't stay," she said. "The judge is not at home. I came to see the judge."

She turned down the steps, and he closed the door, following her.

"If you will not go inside, may I walk with you, Miss Johnson?"

She bowed her head, and they passed up the street together in silence. That the people they passed, and whom her companion greeted, turned and looked curiously after them she did not know; had she known it would have affected her little. She came on an errand, and could not accomplish it; that thought was uppermost in her mind, blended as it always was in thinking of it, with the face and eyes of the young man beside her.

"Dolores," he said at last, when they were climbing the rough road beyond the town, unconsciously using

the name. "Dolores, why did you wish to see my father to-day? It must be something special or you would not have come. Could not I do as well?"

Some way his kindly heart was aching for her with the remembrance of that swift, wistful glance of the brown eyes into his own, and he would comfort her if he could.

She did not look at him; her gaze was fixed on the pines away on the mountain behind which the sun was setting. But he knew she heard and would answer presently.

"I came to see about the mare," she said, slowly, her eyes still fastened on the pines upon the height. Then suddenly, with a swiftness that startled him, she added:

"You know who did it? You have known from the first? Everybody knows who did it. It will be proved to-morrow beyond a doubt."

He looked at her, amazed at her vehemence.

"We hope to prove it to-morrow,"



Dolores watched the woman.

he said. "We have had our suspicions from the first, and now we think them well founded. We are depending a good deal on your father; we have considerable evidence, but his will be conclusive."

She knew nothing of law or its terms; the words held a terrible meaning for her.

"It was a dastardly deed," he went on, his face darkening. "The fellow shall suffer the full penalty of the law for it. My beautiful mare that was almost human in intelligence."

Her hands were clasped fiercely, her eyes burning when she turned toward him to make reply, and for the moment he forgot all else but her face.

"And it is right!" she cried; "it is right! What if his people do suffer for it? That the name will cling to them forever? It is only right that he should suffer. It is just. It was a dastardly deed. Only—only don't come with me any farther. I had—rather go alone."

He obeyed; but followed at a distance. The road was lonely; there were no houses till she reached the settlement below. The sun had set; in the east above the opposite mountain, the full moon rode. A soft haze arose from the valley far beneath, floated and wavered noiselessly up toward the moonlight.

Up on the heights the young man stood motionless watching the girl passing from him in the moonlight. The light was full in his face. It was an earnest face and good; one to be trusted; never to prove treacherous. He watched until the girl, dimly discerned down among the shadows, paused a moment on the threshold of the bare little house, and then entered. And to him as he turned away, his thoughts in a tumult, the mysterious mist and the moonlight seemed to have swallowed her up.

(To be continued.)

GIRLS MAKE THEIR CHOICE.

Countries Where the Gentle Sex Does Its Share of Wooping.

In England, leap year is supposed to confer upon the fair sex the privilege of choosing life partners for better or for worse, but the custom is more honored in the breach than in the observance. The gypsies, especially in Hungary, enjoy and make a very extensive use of the right at all times, in accordance with an ancient custom. Thus a marriageable young gypsy girl in the land of the Magyars, as soon as her heart is smitten, takes good care that the smiter shall hear of the havoc he has wrought and have a chance of consoling her. With this praiseworthy object in view, she has a love letter indited, places a coin in a piece of dough, bakes it, and throws the cake and the billet doux during the night into the bedchamber of her bridegroom-elect. Then she possesses her soul in patience and awaits developments. The Burmese maiden begins her marriage campaign at a much earlier stage. In order to get together a goodly gathering of young men from whom to choose, she places a lamp in her window at night—it is known as "the lamp of love"—and entices all those youths who are candidates for the order of benedict. In sunny Andalusia, the peasant girl, whose heart has been stolen by a stalwart young husbandman, prepares a tasty pumpkin cake and sends it to his home. If he eats it—and the Andalusian girls take good care to make it highly edible—the pair are forthwith betrothed.—London Telegraph.

One factory has marketed 60,000 electrical batteries this season.

LEAVE TARIFF ALONE

REPUBLICANS CAN WELL AFFORD TO REST CONTENT.

If Business is to Be Injured and Prosperity Checked by Needless Tariff Tinkering, Let the Democrats Take All the Responsibility.

The Republican convention of Ohio followed the lead of Senator Hanna in declaring for a policy of "hands off" the tariff. There is sound wisdom in this, however much it may discomfort the swarm of inveterate tariff tinkers, always seeking to reopen this question.

The sense of the country has been tested on the question of protection against free trade several times, and there is no question that the Republican policy has the indorsement of the American people. Even those who are at the bottom of their hearts believers in absolute free trade recognize that the country wants none of it; therefore they call themselves tariff reformers now. No matter what the tariff may be, in their opinion it always will need reforming so long as there is protection in it.

In all of the talk of the necessity for tariff reform, there is yet lacking a specific and distinct utterance as to the particulars in which it needs to be reformed. The present law is admitted, even by the tariff reformers, to be a good working instrument. They claim in general terms that it has defects; but when it comes from generalities to particulars, there is no agreement among them.

The prosperity of the country is based upon the protective tariff. Every suggestion for tariff reform is a suggestion for the withdrawal of protection in some degree from some industry. Every reopening or threatened reopening of the tariff question is a disturbance to business. There is no particular and specific change or reform in the present law for which any large number of people are clamoring. There is no industry or interest which can point to any considerable injury resulting to it

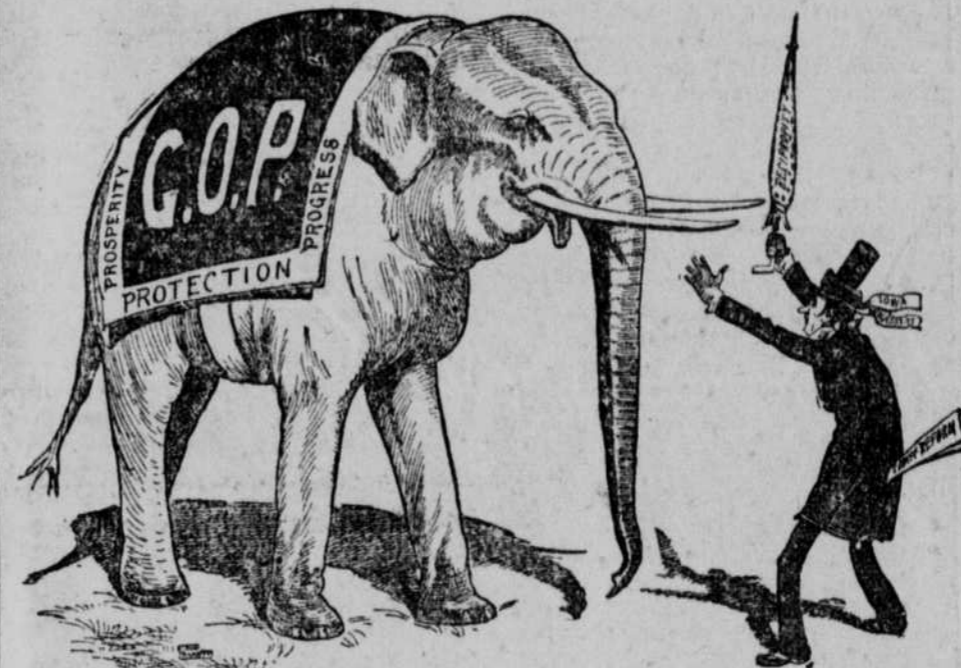
is sore to say that he knows less about this same subject than any other. Bombastic demagogues of both parties have lied so much concerning the tariff, and their lies have been so faithfully stereotyped, printed and circulated from ocean to ocean and from border to gulf that it is with difficulty one discerns the truth. Yet above the mass of contradicting statements and statistics the one fact stands out prominent and unchallenged that this country has enjoyed its most abundant prosperity when protective duties have been the most rigorously maintained and that any actual or proposed "tinkering" with existing tariff rates, with a view to abolish or lower the same, has invariably brought about financial depression with its ever accompanying and consequent hardships for the laboring class. The easiest way to bring about a panic is to remove the foundation of our prosperity—protection. Reciprocity advocates, no matter what political party appellation they lay claim to, are, in the main, merely free traders disguised. And the free trade pill, though coated with reciprocity, will, if taken, have the same bad effect as if such coating were not there. This reciprocity covering which the free trade theory has assumed makes an excellent showing, but we should not forget the fact that it merely hides a skeleton.—Minnesota (Minn.) Mascot.

How Canada Suffers.

A free trade journal attributes the prosperity of this country chiefly to the freedom of trade between all of its parts, but it does not explain why that prosperity was not maintained under the last Democratic administration with its Wilson tariff bill. The object of that statement was to encourage free trade with Canada, as the journal goes on to say: "The same effect would be produced on a still larger scale if there were no commercial barrier on our northern frontier; if it could be obliterated altogether the result would be increased prosperity for both."

If the word "both" were stricken out and "Canada" inserted the statement would be correct. It would be

A PROPHET OF EVIL.



Iowa Progressive—"Beware, misguided animal, ere it is too late. Your headlong career of extravagance can only lead the country to everlasting destruction."

from any particular clause, paragraph or schedule of the present law. What clear and understandable reasons do the tariff reformers give why the business of the country should be disturbed by the reopening of this question? Certainly none has yet seen the light. There has been much phrase-mongering about the "tariff sheltering monopolies" and the like, but this is all.

The Ohio idea of "hands off," otherwise given as "stand pat," is as good a policy for the country to follow in connection with the tariff as can readily be conceived. It is the policy which has the warm approval of the business interests of the country; and by the business interests is meant every one whose income is drawn directly or indirectly from the production, manufacture or sale of American products, whether of the factory or the farm. We know times are good now. We know that to "monkey" with the tariff is the readiest, simplest and most certain method of disturbing business, limiting production and postponing contemplated improvements. There is no particular advantage to be obtained by reopening the tariff question, to compensate for these certain disadvantages.

The law certainly does not need to be changed on account of any necessity of the government itself; for the present law is nicely adjusted to meet the government's needs. The demand for change is put forward purely from political sources and for the sole purpose of raising a political issue. Republicans are urged to raise the cry merely to forestall the action of the Democrats, who are certain to raise it. Let them do so. Republicans may well be content to be judged by the results accomplished under the tariff law for which they are responsible, rather than to join with their enemies in discrediting their own good work.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

It Hides a Skeleton.

There is little doubt but what the tariff will be the main issue in the coming campaign. It is the old standby, the ever remaining difference when all others have been adjusted. The average citizen of this country has heard more about the tariff than any other topic which has engrossed the public mind and yet it

of enormous advantage to Canada if her 6,000,000 inhabitants could have free access to the markets of the 80,000,000 inhabitants of the United States without contributing one cent toward the support of the government of this country. Freedom of trade between the people of one country cannot be compared with freedom of trade between the people of different countries. If Canada became a part of the Union, subject to its laws, the same as all other parts of the Union, it would enjoy that freedom of trade which would double its population in ten years, whereas there has hardly been any increase in its population in the last ten years, as showing its census.

Canada will not give products from the United States any preference over similar products from Great Britain, and as long as she holds to that position a reciprocity treaty is out of the question.—Philadelphia Press.

Railroad Employees and Wages.

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902, is at hand, and contains some very significant figures. It will be remembered that the railroad business of the country was seriously affected in 1895, 1896 and 1897 as a result of free trade legislation. In 1898 it began to show improvement under the Dingley law and has broken records every year since. The number of employees in 1902 was 1,189,315 as against 785,034 in 1895. The wages paid last year were 676,025,592, as compared with \$445,508,261 in 1895. The freight carried in 1895 was less than 700,000,000 tons, while now the amount is near 1,200,000,000 tons annually. We are now building about 5,000 miles of new roads yearly, while in 1895 we averaged only about 1,700 miles. Thus labor reaps the benefit at every turn in road building and car and locomotive building, and in every part of the passenger and freight service.

Prosperity and Plenty.

"Four years more of Grover," is the song of the "trusts" and the importers. But the song of the wage workers, the small and large investors, the savings bank depositors and the farmers is "Protection, Prosperity and Plenty."—Tionesta (Pa.) Republican.

BUT LITTLE CHANGED

OLD GRADUATE REVISITS SCENES OF EARLY TRIUMPHS.

Happenings Bring to His Recollection the Time When He Seized the Sheepskin and Started Out to Fight Life's Battles.

"This is the season of the year when we get vivid reminders of the time when, armed with the formidable sheepskin, we courageously set forth to take a fall out of the world," remarked a Washington man whose name has a part of the alphabet tacked onto the end of it whenever he appears on a public program, but who on other occasions is known only as a steady, level-headed business man.

"I went out with my wife and the youthful progeny who bear our name to a commencement exercise the other evening," continued the old graduate in a reflective mood, "and I found that human nature and commencements have changed but very little since my own earlier experience as a diploma fiend. I had a sort of mania for graduating, and it was one of my chief sources of enjoyment. I finished a high school, a business college, a prep school and a university before I was cured of the habit, but when I attended the commencement program the other night it sent the old sensations tingling through my veins and I felt like getting up on the platform again in a brand new suit, with ribbons pinned onto the lapel of my coat, and tearing off one of those oratorical vibrations that used to make the earth tremble (I thought) with its rumblings.

"A young man stepped to the front of the platform, just as I used to amble out, and turning on a bias, launched forth on his speech. He, at least, was carried away with it, for he had but proceeded but a short distance in the 'magnus opus' when he threw out a bunch of fingers to the right side and then gave the left arm a comprehensive swoop in the opposite direction. Presently he came up with both hands to the front and the absent-minded musician in the orchestra grabbed his horn and was apparently about to start off on 'Hiawatha,' at the 'all together' sign of the speaker.

"The reaching outward and upward for higher things' was duly emphasized with realistic gestures and the 'floating billows of time' were played up with proper wavings. It was like an old story.

"And then a young lady came out with a Dolly Varden courtesy and began a pantomime of 'Rock of Ages,' or something else, while she got off the usual 'Tennyson has truly said,' and the 'to you, dear teachers,' and all those familiar phrases that originated with the first commencement on record. Then came the words of 'au revoir, but not farewell, to our dear classmates,' and the 'expressions of loyalty to the beloved alma mater, and I dropped off into such deep reflection that I began to get nervous, thinking it was my turn next to speak and gesture.

"At about this point in the proceedings my youngster gave a little awakening snort and a wiggle and my wife gave me a punch under the arm, with the whispered admonition that I wasn't attending a church service, and I came to. I must confess to a little sigh escaping me as I realized that the proceedings on the stage were all over for me, so far as my participation in them was concerned. Nothing but memory left for the old man, now, and in a few years the young folks who the other night spoke so cheerfully and hopefully of entering the battle against the world will be occupying seats in the audience and dreaming, as I was, of the days of diplomas and ribbons and bouquets, when everything lay at their feet and all seemed bright down the little lane that led to real life."—Washington Star.

Horses Scarce and High.

"I have not known a period when horses were so scarce or so high," said T. E. Gilbert of Cincinnati at the Hotel Barton. "I am in the business and have of late been scouring Kentucky and Ohio with a view of purchasing a good sized bunch, but had very poor success. More people want to buy than sell, and prices are at a point where it is impossible for dealers to make any profits. The country was drained of horse flesh during our war with Spain, and further depletion was caused by the Boer war. It will take several years to make up the deficiency, and high prices will continue. The automobile craze has had no perceptible effect on the demand for high-class animals, and I do not believe that it will ever get so violent as to make people indifferent to the delight of sitting behind a pair of high steppers."—Washington Post.

Friendship.

A share of joy and pain,
A watch o'er land and sea,
A faithful, brooding tenderness,
Until Eternity.
A meeting and a parting,
A handclasp—a farewell—
A loving nearness, grieving tears,
A peck—for all is well.
—Alice F. Sargent in Boston Transcript.

Not Much Fuel.

An English army officer, concluding a visit to Ireland, was bidding farewell to an attendant.
"Good-bye, Pat."
"Good-bye, yer honor. May hiven bless ye, and may every hair in yer head be a candle to light ye to glory."
"Well, Pat," replied the officer, showing him a bald pate, "when that day comes there won't be much of a torchlight procession."